

# THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX.

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## WINTER TERM 1919.

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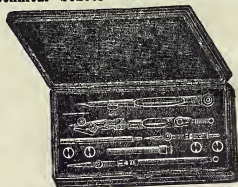
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THE  
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## WINTER TERM - 1919.

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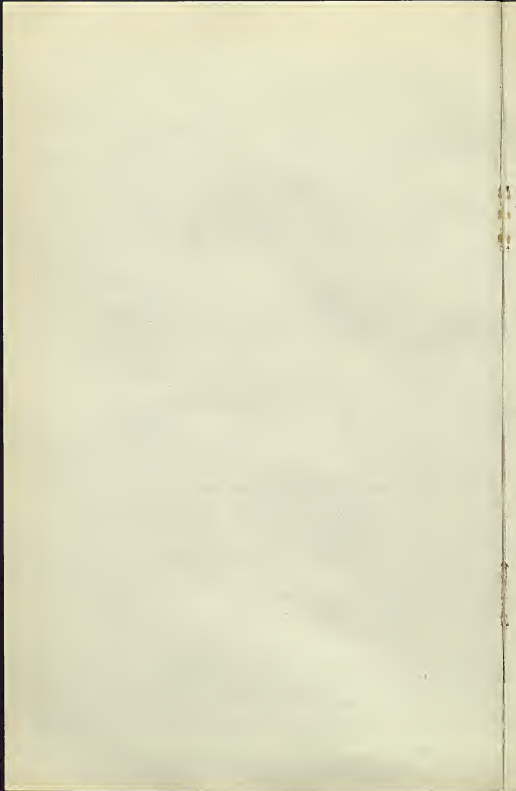
MR. J. R. WILLIAMS.

MISS E. LUCKES.

MR. E. J. HOLMES.

All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the SUB-EDITOR of the Magazine, University College, Southampton.

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# THE SOUTHAMPTON University College Magazine.

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## - - *Editorial Notes.* - -

THE writer of these lines counts it a great privilege to write them for this particular number of the Magazine, for two reasons: firstly, that this issue marks what we hope is a return to normal times, in which the Magazine will be issued thrice, instead of once in the session, and secondly, because it is the first number to be issued since our move to "green fields and pastures new."

Those of the greatly increased, and indeed, record numbers now in Coll. who are "pre-war" Hartleyans, will especially welcome this return to normal conditions—which one and all fervently hope will never be interrupted—as for us the Magazine is now practically the only means which is left to us at present for keeping alive the social side of Coll. life, which meant so much to us in those seemingly far-off days "ante bellum." Owing to circumstances over which we as students have no control, there is a danger of the social side of College becoming neglected, and being allowed to die off. This must not be, and we would ask all the new members of the College to stand by us "old hands," and help to keep alive those traditions of dear old "Hartley," on which we set so much store in the past.

We cannot, indeed we must not, let this occasion pass without extending the heartiest of welcomes into our midst both to the juniors and to those former students who, while not so fortunate as the writer and many others, in being released from the stern business of soldiering in time to return to Coll. last session, have now been enabled to doff the khaki—or "Dress, Service, Drab"—and to return to their Alma Mater and again pick up the threads of College life so unceremoniously broken, in some cases as far back as 1914.

To the many "freshers" this must be of necessity a belated welcome, as by the time these lines appear in print, this year's juniors will have already completed a term in our midst and will have been initiated into the pleasures and joys of Coll. life and will also have had its traditions explained to them. This welcome of ours, although belated, is none the less sincere and hearty.

We hope that these juniors will have by this time become thoroughly conversant with College traditions—for it is to them that we look to keep these grand old "Hartley" traditions green—for are not the juniors of to-day the seniors of to-morrow, who must in their turn instil into the minds of *their* juniors the traditions of our Alma Mater?

P.C.W.



## THE OFFICERS' CONFERENCE AT SWANWICK.

• • •

THE Officers' Conference, held in July, at Swanwick, Derbyshire, was really a series of business meetings. The Central Committee at "Annandale" had been receiving many letters during the past year from many of the colleges expressing discontent with the old Aim and Basis of the Christian Movement. So many letters did they receive that they decided that they must act—and at once. A Committee was therefore elected, and between them the members evolved the new Aim and Basis, which was discussed at the Officers' Conference.

The old Aim was "to lead students into full acceptance of the Christian Faith in God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; to promote among them regular habits of prayer and Bible study; to keep before them the importance and urgency of the evangelisation of the world, the Christian solution of social problems, and the permeation of public life with Christian ideals, and to lead them into the fellowship and service of the Christian Church.

It will be seen that in the above statement many theological terms and ideas occur which have to-day lost the significance they formerly had, and which have become little more than mere pulpit phraseology. The new Aim and Basis is an attempt to express the main ideas of the old Aim, in ordinary everyday phrases, so as to refresh and to vivify its meaning.



It is in no way an attempt to flow more wide than deep; neither are we trying to water down our Christianity. The present Aim and Basis is as follows, and all who read it at all thoughtfully will see that it is at least an honest attempt to meet present day needs.

"The Student Christian Movement of Great Britain is a fellowship of students who *desire* to understand the Christian faith and to live the Christian life. The Movement seeks to set forth Jesus Christ as the supreme revelation of God and of the true nature of man. It sees in Him the one sure guide for all mankind in every sphere of thought and conduct, in art and in industry, in politics and the professions, in science and in education; the source of power for the overthrow of evil and the renewal of all human life. The Movement challenges students to recognise the urgent need of the whole world for Christ, without limit of race or nation, and to respond by dedicating their lives to his services as he may guide them. It calls them to explore His teaching and to follow the guidance of His Spirit in the pursuit of truth, beauty, and righteousness; to prepare themselves by study, discipline, and prayer for the tasks of the future; joyfully to accept God's gift of deliverance and life for themselves; and to enter the fellowship of worship, thought, and service which is the heritage of the Christian Church."

The meeting in which the new Aim was discussed was the most interesting of the Conference. Mr. Ronald Rees had prepared the way for it in a previous lecture, but in the business meeting itself the students were allowed to have their say—and have it they did (as they usually will if given half a chance!) The meeting began at 11 a.m. with the election of next year's central committee. We all felt very important handing in our votes—especially as we had been told by T—, in a previous discussion, for which people we were to vote! But this is beside the point!

After the election, the debate began, and went on until we were interrupted by the clanging of the dinner bell. Even after that, some people insisted on speaking, although some of the more mundane, beginning to find their chairs hard, showed signs of restiveness. The bell rang again, and this time it did not go unheeded. The meeting was adjourned for a little while, but we nobly started off again at two p.m. About half-past three we really did get through. The new Aim and Basis was adopted unanimously, none of the amendments being carried.

It must not be imagined, however, that the business meeting occupied all our time. Every morning, from nine to ten a.m., we had devotional meetings, led by some of the most popular secretaries. Mr. Wm. Paton also gave us some idea of the present missionary situation in India, and Mr. Tatlow, who usually preceded his remarks by "Go to, friends," showed us very concisely what the ideal C.U. should be.

The afternoons were usually spent by the energetic people on the tennis courts, whilst others spent very happy times in deck chairs on the lawn, chatting away to their heart's content.

The Conference was brought to a close by an address by Mr. Henriod on "The World Student Christian Federation," which gave us at least a small idea of the size of the Movement in other countries.

F.R.C.



## COMPARISONS.

It has been said that comparisons are odious, but comparisons have to be drawn sometimes—especially when conditions prevailing are not so good as they used to be. Nobody will deny that we did have a good time in the building known to the world at large as the "Hartley," though we, as students, and the powers in charge, called it "University College." However, there's nothing in a name as far as the subject matter is concerned.

Of course, we were happy on June 27th, 1919! Who could be otherwise? Before us stretched the vista of our summer vacation with all it had in store. Needless to say, nothing was thought of but pleasure. Even examinations—the bugbear of a student's life—could not repress this feeling of hilarity. All sorts of wild rumours were flying about at this time. Some said, "Yes, we shall go to the new coll. next session, and a jolly good job too, to get out of this beastly hole." With the latter part of this we were in complete agreement. Like all new places, the coll. was to be perfect,—indeed, Utopia could not have been perfect without it; but—alas for our dreams!—five months' experience upsets the dreams of the most practical thinkers.

The first day of the term came round, and Highfield began to enjoy the presence of the reinforced forces of college students. Perhaps "enjoy" is not the right word to use since "Pussyfoot" came on the scene, because members of our most august fraternity are being looked upon as a tribe of Ya-hoos who ought to be birched (so the newspapers suggest). However, we look upon ourselves as models of propriety, so we must trust that the neighbours think likewise. In the words of the old song, we sing "We're here because we're here"—and here we'll stay.

It is not customary for us to meet trouble half-way, but here was the old dame greeting us. To allow fifteen minutes to reach the old coll. was considered ample time. Now, with bleary eyes and a rough toilet we have to bid a premature good-bye to Morpheus. The journey destroys any good intentions for work which were formed on the previous night—students are notorious for their intentions to work. The building itself turned a cold shoulder to us; it was not at all inviting. Everything seemed so cold and bare. Fortunately first impressions did not last; sauntering along the corridor I discovered the M.C.R. What was this that met the eyes? I thought that we had such a bad record in the old coll. as far as furniture was concerned that plain "wooden-seaters" would be our future lot—it must have been pre-war furniture—such was the general opinion. Here, at any rate, would be peace and comfort during the days of brain storms to come; but the hapless student, lulled into a sense of false security, always receives, sooner or later, a rude shock, as following events proved.

"Breaks?" These had been a feature of college life since the day when our honoured ancestor first deigned to smile on that noble edifice of learning in High Street. "Breaks" were vital to the well-being of coll. and students—such was the implication of all the conversations carried on. But in spite of all the conversations it was only too true that the powers that be had the audacity (so we thought) to interfere with our daily routine. No breaks meant no buns, and what would the bun boy do then, poor thing? Even in the leanest days, when currants were as scarce as lions in the New Forest, we had our supply of buns—graced on the crown with a currant or two. Being without buns has undermined our constitutions, with the result that a disease has developed which we shall call for want of a better term "eleven o'clock emptiness."

Everybody is crying out to-day for fewer hours and more pay, but evidently lectures do not enter the domain of

"King Demos," in spite of self-government. Instead of forty-five minutes, we now have sixty minutes—and what a difference that quarter-of-an-hour makes!—"Oh, the little more and how much it is," especially when work is distasteful. After all, we as students are merely puppets in the "lap of the gods," though to hear us voice our opinions makes people believe that we rule the roost.

We miss many familiar sights, but *one* strikes poignantly home. Where is that line of stalwart youths who were seen against the radiator every afternoon? Truly they were martyrs to a cause—that of C - - - d. They all kept the bust of the old gent warm—that old gent who, in cold weather, considered it his duty to take charge of a cap and muffler. The conversation was always unintelligible, but continual glances at the clock revealed a great deal. At last for one and then for another patience would be rewarded, until the bust was left alone in silent state—if those lips could only speak, what a tale would be told! To-day, however, these beings revel in happier hunting grounds—they have found at last a more congenial environment for the furtherance of their schemes.

Different as the conditions may be, as long as there are students about they will find enjoyment anywhere; they'll knock life into Chinese idols, though they nearly knocked it out of "Pussyfoot." So the more that come to coll. the merrier, as long as there's room to hold all.

"RAJAH"



## LEAVES OF TEA. X X

With profound apologies to Walt. Whitman.

† † †

1. FOLLOW me in my dreams.  
I will tell you what comes into my mind  
When I lie drowsy upon the grass in  
The sun.
2. My mind rides at ease.  
It forgets my glorious lungs, the passing of blood through  
my stomach.  
My body is forgot.

3. Utopia! What is it?  
A land ministering to the appetites;  
The body is king. Wish is low.  
A man is king of his body. I am mad to  
Attain it.
4. My brain reels, my thoughts swim.  
I grasp madly at the circling ideal.  
Ye Gods. The defiance of a thought.
5. What was that word? Laugh!  
Laugh, you fiends of thought.  
I will tie you down with ropes of blood congealed!
6. My soul pursues! Lord, what a chase!  
Triumph!! The word! The word!!
7. College.  
Ah, not for a man is the weak  
Paltering with a thought as a mother palters with  
molasses in a ginger pudding.
8. I will make a song,  
A song of this Utopian College.  
I will show what ought to be done,  
And how to do it.
9. The young men are not here altho' it is nine o'clock, and  
the milkman is shouting in the street.  
Nine! What is time?  
There is plenty of it. The young men  
Turn up,  
When they feel like it. They are  
Still abed. Wish is law!
10. Those notices. Read and mark them  
"Please smoke in the passages."  
"Never mind the lectures."  
"This way to the dancing hall," and  
"Whist, bridge and nap compulsory."
11. I see a room, labelled  
"Grant Office"  
Bearing a notice which says to  
All concerned in its business.  
"Walk up, and ask for money.  
Don't be ashamed. Any sum  
Advanced. The more the better."

12. My mind gives place to my stomach.  
 I want my tea  
 Come, body, we will begone.  
 Bound, blood,  
 Rise, legs, expand, lungs,  
 And receive stomach, that in  
 Which the palate revels, and the  
 Teeth delight.
13. Reader, my thought shall be your thought,  
 And my assumption yours.  
 As assumption it can stop.  
 We may whistle for our Utopian College.

G.F.H.



## CHAMPIONSHIP BOUTS (At U.C.S),

TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS.

Time 1000—1100 hours, A.A.A.

THE STAR ATTRACTION—

F. I. C. SENTER

v.

B. A. SMITH.

of Book Fame.  
 Winner of over 100 diplomas  
 in the scientific world.  
 Originator of the latest  
 catalytic theory of Ionic and  
 Bolshevic disturbances.

Breaker of many test tubes  
 and other apparatus.  
 Fresh from conquests in other  
 parts.

Referee ... S. S. BUOYED  
 (who has presided over the precipitation of many "old salts"—gelatinous  
 and otherwise.)

Below is given a report of the fight.

The seats were early filled, and among the august personages assembled there was quite a fair sprinkling of ladies, who had obviously come fully prepared to follow the contest closely.

Favours of both sides were sported. Here and there could be seen the green cover of a Senter, but Smith's colours were by no means absent.

This was no ordinary contest, but was one in which the intelligence of students was at stake. Excitement reached fever point when the two contestants entered the hall—Smith wearing a coal black "toga" and Senter a tight fitting green cover. The seconds were well provided with all the para-

phernalia necessary to their position—chalk, dusters and pointers. Betting was brisk in favour of the coal black man, and odds of 5—1 were freely offered and taken.

Immediately the bell went Smith rushed to the attack. He delivered a smashing blow from the point of view of the catalyst in favour of Ionic equilibrium. Following up his success he quickly grasped chalk and duster, and spreading a smoke screen around indulged in equational “jabs” at the blackboard. Senter, nonplussed by this whirlwind attack, gesticulated wildly, and at the same time shrieked incoherently about the right of the catalyst to air his views on a subject which, like the Law of the Medes and Persians, “altereth not.” Smith was warming up to another offensive action when the bell went. This round was Smith’s.

Round two again went to Smith, but unfortunately for him his supply of reserve energy, *i.e.*, chalk, gave out. This put him in an awkward corner. He called an imp, otherwise known as a “lab.” boy, by names which couldn’t have been the Christian appendage of so small a person. Fortunately for Smith the bell went with the round in his favour.

The third round saw Senter determined to beat his opponent. Calling all the force of his ions to his side, he delivered a smashing side reaction which entirely upset Smith’s equilibrium. Uni and Bi molecular reactions were freely exchanged, and eventually, by a grand rallying of his forces, Senter, dramatically glancing at his wrist watch and flourishing a thermometer, said it was 12 o’clock. Smith, feverishly glancing at his ditto, was forced to acknowledge this, as his wrist watch was not a W.D.—wrist, cheap, buckshee and complete with strap.

The spectators were visibly annoyed at the abrupt termination of the contest, but the quiet, penetrating voice of the referee cooled them. In a short speech he said how very pleased and satisfied he was [breathe in] to be able [breathe out] to referee the match. He spoke of the interest shown by the British Public in chemical knowledge, and said that although inevitably German names had to be mentioned in the course of the year it was a fact that in six months we had produced a gas which, though actually harmless, it usually blinded a person, etc.

The contest, he avowed, would be continued the following week.

D. R. S.

At the time of going to press Smith is still indisposed.—SUB-ED.

## THE BOYS' SIDE OF SCHOOL PRAC.

+ + +

HE was a wise man who first said that Fate was a woman, or her decrees are more unreliable than a day in April. She takes a true feminine delight in confounding the plans of the race of man. See how she treats students whom she condemns to a fortnight's school practice. Knowing them to be a valorous race, and equal to any occasion, she watches them go forth to their task smiling with assurance and determination. "We have new ideas about teaching," they think; "we know how to interest a class—we have such a way with us—weren't we boys ourselves once?—let us believe well of human nature—Begone, dull Care!" They fancy that Fate has forgotten them, but the sly goddess, like a cat with a mouse, is merely looking another way and feigning a *lapsus memoriae*. She keeps her claw in readiness!

It happens that the age of boyhood has not yet reached the broad daylight of fact. All children live and move in the mists of early morning, which make their own fancies seem truth to them, and shut out all truth which is not beautiful enough to seem fancy. New boys find it hard to place students at first sight; they look in vain for some recognisable hall-mark on them. Consequently, when a student stalks into their playground, a new and nameless figure, the first necessity is to find some way of accounting for him in the scheme of Creation; presuming, that is, that he really is a part thereof, and not one of those eerie "hidden horrors" who baffle all rational investigation by their weird weekly episodes.

The first problem, then, is "What is he?" At the outset there is something very unplaceable and sinister about him. Why does the Head talk to him in that way? Why does the class teacher give him those mysterious whispers of direction and assistance? Some trickery about this, thinks the class, we must watch him closely! They are all attention. (The student finds he is getting on finely, and congratulates himself on his skill.) Can he be an inspector? Hardly, he is not obtuse enough. A new teacher? No, they have never been taught like this before. A stray lecturer? A masquerading attendance man? Obviously not, he is not old enough to be deeply versed in their secret wickednesses. After a few lessons, the student's amiable little gaucheries reveal his true genus and species—this is one of those students! Monster, you are unmasked! All your soceries shall fall to the ground! Then,



indeed, all the arts of the student avail him nothing, for his innocent efforts to capture their attention are interpreted by the class as snares more hideous than the wiles of the unspeakable Bunter, that Falstaff of schoolboys.

The reaction of this ludicrous discovery sweeps all the student's prestige to the ground. Know him?—of course they do: daylight itself could not be plainer to them now than the former dark mystery before them. They smile sagely at their own profundity. The student's efforts to teach evoke henceforth a sort of muffled hilarity, which only the immediate attentions of the class master can prevail on them to conceal. Their good-humoured contempt for the poor fellow's sincere belief that he is teaching almost overcomes them. Such exquisite self-deception is too much for a sense of humour that has been nourished on the bouncing jocularities of boys' "comics." So the comedy heightens.

But the heart of childhood is always merciful beneath its self-protecting blatancy. The class gladly unite to put an end to this impossible situation, and let the unfortunate victim know his real position as humanely as possible. By infusing gentle innuendoes into their replies and questions, and by receiving his more flagrant pedagogic indiscretions with an interchange of sad, disillusioned smiles, they seem to tell him: "You are a sad case—but we expected no other." When the student, having run through all his material in about half the time allotted to the lesson, ends up with a gasp, a few of the tenderest hearts heave audible sighs of sympathy. By these and various other means, a united verdict is conveyed to the student: "My good fellow, let us understand each other. You are evidently trying to learn how to teach—we quite understand—we have duly noted your wholesale blunders. Unhappily you are quite hopeless, you will never make a teacher. But since we have to suffer you for the next few days, don't despair, go on being as funny as you are at present, and we shall not let you down. Is that quite clear?"

When he has grasped this ultimatum, he may proceed upon it; but he is a clever student if he can get any other terms!

And behind the scenes, Fate giggles ecstatically at the pretty little comedy she has worked out . . .

R.E.T.



## MY LAST CRITICISM LESSON.

\* \* \*

I HAVE always regarded worms as things which could comfortably be banished from this earth. An unsympathetic brother has more than once perceived this and chased me several miles (or at least a few yards) with one of the slippery objects in his hands.

Naturally, when I heard that my next crit. was to be on these objectionable beings, I found it very difficult to "smile, smile, smile," as some classical song bids us. However, I began by looking at the criticism of my last week's lesson, and found that when giving a lesson on "Twigs," some exacting person soundly rated me for not bringing any specimens, saying that "teacher casually picked up a stray piece of willow which was on the desk." How awfully exacting!

This, of course, made me shiver, because it was plain to see that if I was ever to regain favour I must "bring specimens." The night before my lesson I asked my father to dig up two small worms and to place them in a glass jar, which I produced (once labelled "bloater paste"). My father agreed, and I noticed a smile on his face which, in my innocence, I imagined was because of my antipathy to worms.

The next morning I beheld the jar, filled with mould; I could also espy the tail of a worm. At least, I supposed it was the tail, from the description in a book. "I've put in two small ones," said father.

At 11.30 I commenced my lesson. I drew a most elaborate sketch of a section of worm (copied from a book). I had no idea whether it was right or not, but it was in the book. I discovered that a worm hadn't got something or other—bones, I believe it was.

The time drew near when I was to show my specimens. "Now, Wilhelmina Beaumont" (this to a child whose natural colouring I had never been able to observe because of thick layers of dirt, jam, etc.), "what is a worm like?" "Please, miss. it's one of them there things wot wriggles about when farver sticks his fish-'ook into it." Oh, horrible! I distinctly remember a fishing expedition, when everyone had to bait his own hook! "Yes, well some are small and some are large. Now, I have brought two very small ones, which I dug up this morning." I tipped mould and worms out on to a piece of paper. "Are they alive, miss?" Oh, hellup! very much

so! FOUR, FAT, WHITE WORMS appeared. "Ow," proceeded from fifty lusty throats, which then sounded more like a hundred.

"Now, children, don't make so much noise. They won't hurt you," said my small voice, when I had recovered. "Children!" when I had restored order I discovered that two of the largest worms were having a race along the front desk. "Pull 'em back, miss," said Bob Smith. "Oh, miss, take 'em away," said Jemima Brown, whose seat was, apparently, the winning post.

Confronted with this, what could I do to preserve my natural dignity other than pick up the horrible things?

"Please, miss, there's *four* there. How did the other two get in? Didn't you see them?" "Um, er— well, Johnny, as a matter of fact, my father put them in" ("Gahn, she's afraid of 'em"—an audible whisper) "Ain't they 'woppers?' How big are the big 'uns, miss?" "Well, um—, these are really a trifle larger than I thought they were.

"Oh, dear! Saying that the worms would be frightened at being away from their natural surroundings, I persuaded a small innocent-faced youth to carry them out. I proceeded with the lesson to a very inattentive class, and presently the monotony was relieved by a blood-curdling yell. "What ever is the matter over there?" "Please, miss, Bill Bailey has brought back one worm." "What!" I shrieked. "Well, I never heard of such a thing. Bring the worm here!" No one volunteered, so it fell to me again to pick up the horrible thing. I had a drink of water and then returned.

As I recommenced, the bell sounded. I actually smiled and smiled! What a nice song that is, and how true! "Thank you, Miss Jones," said the Headmistress.

I had an urgent summons to present myself to her in the afternoon, which I did in fear and trembling.

"Miss Jones,"—I shivered.—"I congratulate you." She shook my limp hand. "Your lesson was very good—indeed, the best you've given," (How very complimentary!) "The children were so interested. I'm glad you didn't bring them to order too strictly. We must give their interest a little scope."

A little scope! If she only knew! "And oh, Miss Jones, I'm glad you brought specimens, but I'm glad you sent them out. They're such horrible things. He, he, he." (Laughter.)

Hypocrite, deceiver! thought I. Pity the blind! No, I mean, the Pupil Teachers!

E.L.

## LAPSUS LINGUAE. X

\* \* \*



CHEMISTRY is, after all, Chemistry, not Physics.

Prof. Boyd.

After a perfectly correct calculation, I don't seem to have got the required result.

Mr. Clarence Smith.

The blade will be that shape, or some other shape.

Prof. Eustice.

Let us suppose the point is stationary; then it will move from . . . . to . . . .

Mr. Braybrooke.

Let us number the points in order—A, B, C, D, etc.

Mr. Mann.

I don't shoot myself.

Miss Fox.

I don't play money for cards.

Miss Steel.

Byron was very unfortunate in his choice of a mother.

Mr. Mackie

Put a little moist water in the test-tube.

Prof. Boyd.

This was discovered by two Frenchmen, one of whom was a Swiss.

Prof. Boyd.

Which is 3 minus 1, which is 8.

Mr. Davis.

Is there anyone here absent.

Mr. Williamson.

The sun is less than, and greater than.

Miss Turner.

Teaching a child of two the manufacture of steel.

Mr. Dudley.

$9+9=11$ .

The same gent.

We find the prisoner unanimously guilty.

The Sub-Editor.

Flx your eyes on the line where the roof joins the floor.

Miss Moon.

I deliberately saw him do it.

Mr. Hughes.

The survey was made near the old Stoneham Church,  
that has only one hand on its face.

Prof. Stansfield.

Yorkshire people open their mouth ever so loudly.

Miss Wright

I was listening to you with one ear and wondering with  
the other if I ought to have seen the gas man before he went.

Miss Aubrey.

We couldn't get in either from the outside or the in.

Miss Cole.

I wasn't allowed to go out very soon after 'flu, for fear of  
catching ammonia.

Miss Wooley.

A scout has to be able to light a match with one fire.

Miss Taylor.

My father was the first woman my mother ever met.

Miss Gillard.

In future I shall always strip my bed before I get out of it.

Miss Sears.

It seems that there are no boys available for us.

Miss Heath.

I got up in the middle of the sandwiches and went to bed.

Miss Blackman.

This is one way of getting a permanent lather—it lasts about two minutes.

Dr. Boyd.

Trunk forward bend, and aim for the front of you.

Miss Hinton.



## THE INITIATION.



THE Juniors have been initiated into the glorious body of hard-worked creatures known unto the world as "Students." A magnanimous and munificent reception was awarded them, and they were welcomed into our midst with open arms.

It was a pity that, in accordance with our ancient customs, the Common Room could not be the scene of such splendour, but the hut, Army pattern, was quite suitable. And it was there that, on my arrival, I gazed upon rows of innocent youthful countenances. Little dreaming of the gloriously prominent part they were to play in the forthcoming events, they were calmly holding out their untrembling hands for cigarettes. Turning pitifully away from these emblems of purity undefiled, I gazed reverently at the remains of our gallant ancestor, who lost his life in the crush. His bones, preserved throughout the ages, were arrayed with the flags of Britain and her Yankee allies, in lieu of a "Standard" eight guinea suit: it was, in sooth, a spectacle that brought tears welling to the eyes of those who knew of the tragic fate of that august ancestor.

But hark! The Chairman has raised his voice in opening ceremony, and yet one more welcome is being wafted to the newcomers. And he whose heart is with the College, though his body is not—he, the third member of that worthy brotherhood—now gives his oft-sought advice to those who, knowing not the unwritten laws of this noble institution, most need that moral advice. His vivid descriptions, geographical, topographical, and commercial, of the ancient borough of Southampton left all lecturers in Geography quite in the shade; his warnings against

"Those wild, wild women"

would quite outshadow the oratorical powers of any Professor of Education. Fully realising from his convincing eloquence the responsibilities taken when entering such a college, our Juniors sat grave and thoughtful—in a mood highly fitting for the solemn ceremony that followed.

For, realising the ambitious absurdity of fond parents when choosing an appellation for their new-born off-spring, it is our bounden duty to improve upon those unsuitable names inflicted at birth. Once more the solemn voice rings out, "Bear him up. What a dainty brow! In the absence of thy god-fathers and god-mothers——." How beautiful those names sounded! Cissie! It is the name of one of our most-loved collegians, and our only hope is that the second bearer of that name may understand the glory attached thereto. Thus was each youth fitted with a suitable name, until we were uttering those magic words:—

"Oh, Johnny; oh, Johnny, oh!"

With this reform ever in our minds we gazed with amazement and listened with horror to the osculations accorded to the heel of our ancestor; for those whom we had fondly imagined to be innocent and blessedly pure of heart were proved to be masters of that bewitching art (or science—I know not its correct faculty). Many species of osculations were demonstrated while that noble body of Seniors were sadly realising the pitiful sins so apparent among the Juniors.

So we turned with despondency to our little competition in which five enthusiastic entrants strove hard to turn into clouds of smoke that fragrant weed, "Hartley" mixture. Excitement reigned supreme. "Wales wins! The Isle of Wight gains!" But Wales *did* win, though the Islander was the first to reach the door.

And now were we astonished at the learning passed to us by the "freshers;" we learnt of "dab" and of archæology; and our minds were finally lulled to rest 'mid the strains of sweet music and the odour of leeks.

All happiness must end. But our evening's happiness was not to end in that Army hut. Indeed no! Lining up in formation of fours we advanced in solemn procession towards the ancient borough. The exploits of the lost Kelly, the doings of those whom we had met "down the lane" and "by the river"—all were wafted to the four winds, as examples to all Southamptonians. Whither were our footsteps leading us? Ah! To that isolated temple of feminine daintiness, where we entertained the inhabitants to a pathetic farewell. Outside the centre of learning, otherwise the Library, the townsfolk were introduced to the mystic dispersal ceremony of the students. Our duty accomplished, reluctantly—very reluctantly—did we disperse, our hearts full of the glories of an auspicious occasion.

GOBBLI—I—O!

S.O.S.



THAT Mr. M - rt - n will be having a "nervous breakdown" at the end of the term.

---

AND that "B - sc - ts" will NOT.

---

THAT "George" has danced before the crowned heads of Europe.

---

THAT "S - m - y" is good at "other things besides dancing."

---

THAT "an explanation was required."

---

THAT the "young rascals" play cards no longer.

---

THAT "Baden's" coat *was* torn.

---

THAT the Engineering and Science students are looking forward to the "Toga" for "practical" reasons.

---

THAT there is always a shortage at the "Maypole" just before a Soirée.



THAT Mr. D - d - y's fame as a *raconteur* exceeds even that of Mr. Pr - tt.

---

THAT a certain young lady is 19 years old. Yet was born on July 4th, 1919.

---

THAT Miss C - - th - a now speaks Welsh.

---

THAT Mr. N - b - s taught her.

---

THAT Mr. D - v - - s now smokes a pipe.

---

THAT Mr. Y - - e does likewise.

---

THAT Miss K - mb - r has applied for a permanent "stand" in the corridor.

---

THAT one of the youngest of the Junior women knows all the "Hims" (Ancient & Modern).

---

THAT there ARE attractions greater than a smoker.



## A MIXTURE AND A PIPE.

\* \* \*

A match: a light, a puff, a cloud;  
More clouds, a frenzied rush,  
One cloud less, another light,  
A row and sudden hush.

A spurt of flame, then five more spurts,  
A breath the flames to fan.  
One cloud dies; no use the light,  
'Tis done, oh! happy man.

GLANDEC

# QUOTATIONS À PROPOS.

• • •

HOSTEL "HUSBANDS" AFTER VAC.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

*Byron.*

WORKSHOP.

"Here's metal more attractive."

"Hamlet." *Shakespeare.*

THE BACHELORS.

"Lord of yourself, uncumbered with a wife."

*Dryden.*

GEORGE.

"A bold, bad man."

"Faerie Queen." *Spenser.*

THE SMOKER.

"So now is come our joyfull'st feast,  
Let every man be jolly."

*Wither.*

BREAK.

"What custom hath endeared,  
We part with sadly, though we prize it not."

*Joanna Baillie.*

THE TOGA.

"Robes and fur gowns hide all."

"King Lear." *Shakespeare.*

DUGGIE'S TAXI.

"Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there."

*Shakespeare.*

ROSEBUD.

"Like two single gentlemen rolled into one."

*G. Colman, jun.*

EXAMS.

"For thee we dim the eyes and stuff the head  
With all such reading as was never read."

*Pope.*

THE WELCOME SOIRÉE.

"Oh! if there be an elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this."

*T. Moore.*

THE INTERVAL.

"For this relief, much thanks."

*Shakespeare.*

THE STUDENT.

"The days of our youth are the days of our glory."

*Byron.*

MISS O - - - L ON ARMISTICE NIGHT.

"Etherial minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!"

*Wordsworth.*

THE W.C.R. AS IT WILL BE.

"Earth has not anything to show more fair."

*Wordsworth.*

SOIRÉE.

"Fast they come, fast they come,  
Faster and faster."

*Scott.*

'OSTEL AT 10.30, SOIRÉE NIGHTS.

"Best and brightest, come away."

*Shelley.*

COLL. ORCHESTRA.

"The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire."

*Dryden.*

SWOT. TIME.

"Hark how through the peopled air  
The busy murmur goes."

*Gray.*

THE STUDENTS CUTTING LECS.!

"Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy."

*Gray.*

## THE LAST VALSE.

"That is the true beginning of our end."

*Shakespeare.*

## TO THE SCIENCE STUDENT.

"'Tis well averred,  
A scientific faith's absurd."

*Browning.*

ADVICE *re* SOCKS.

" . . . not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

"Hamlet." *Shakespeare*

## THE MEN'S SMOKER.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

*Byron.*

## M.C.R. SUBS.

"Alas ! how deeply painful is all payment."

*Byron.*

## MR. B - N N - R'S VIEW.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture in the lonely shore.

*Byron.*

## "B - S C - - T S.

"A lover forsaken  
A new love may get."

*Walsh.*

## THE "MARRIED" MEN.

"But—Oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual,  
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all."

*Byron.*

## JUNIORS—FIRST DAY.

"Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat—  
And this was odd . . . .

*Lewis Carroll.*

## TRIAL—M.C.R.

"The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met ;  
The judges are ranged (a terrible show)."

*Gay.*

"G - ORG - ."

"He knew the tavernes wel in every town."

*Chaucer.*

THE "ORIGINAL" FATHER.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

*Scott.*

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE VAC.

"Each thought of the woman who loved him the best."

*Kingsley.*

"JOHNNY."

"It's Oh! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk."

*T. Hood.*

THE SWOT.

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

*Pope.*

THE COLLEGE WARDEN AT "WELCOME" SMOKER.

"My first thought was—to bed in every word."

*Browning.*

CHORAL

"All were singing out of tune."

*Byron.*

THE ART ROOM.

"There the pale artist plies his sickly trade."

*Goldsmith.*

THE VAC.

"The end and the reward of toil is rest."

*Jas. Beattie.*

MR. E. H. F. B—— AS SECOND VIOLIN.

"Hark! Hark! the horrid sound,  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain."

*Dryden.*



## SHAKESPEARE—THE COLLEGE DAY.

\* \* \*

*The Road to Coll.*

"A merry heart goes all the way ;  
A sad heart tires in a mile-a." *Winter's Tale.*

*Arriving Late at a Lecture.*

"Oftentimes, excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse."  
*King John.*

*Mathematics.*

"Give me good proof of what you have alleged."

*Botany.*

"I would I had some flowers of the Spring."  
*Winter's Tale.*

*Engineers.*

"With clink of hammers closing rivets up."

*Self-Government Meeting.*

"O, let us yet be merciful." *Henry V.*

*Lunch.*

"Now good digestion wait on appetite  
And health on both." *Macbeth.*

*Surveying.*

"We first survey the plot, then draw the model."

*Botany—Cutting Sections.*

"Striving to do better, oft we mar what's well."  
*King Lear.*

*Zoology—Dissection.*

"What poor an instrument  
May do a noble deed." *Antony and Cleopatra.*

*Afternoon Work.*

"The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do." *Tempest.*

*End of Afternoon—cheering thought.*

"Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest  
day." *Macbeth.*

*Prospect of Vacations.*

"Welcome these pleasant days." *Henry IV*

*Thought of Terminals.*

"Let the end try the man."

*Henry IV.**First Soirée.*"How many goodly creatures are there here  
How beauteous mankind is."*Tempest.**During Soirée.*

"Let the world slip, we never shall be younger."

*Taming of the Shrew.**After.*

"A kind good-night to all."

V.I.E.



## THE MATCH AT READING.

+ + +

REJOICE Hartleyans! Our team has visited the "biscuit town" in the next county and has held its own. Indeed, in my humble opinion, more than held its own, for was there not that shot which the Reading goalie only *just* managed to get his hand to, and—but that's the story!

The trip up was uneventful, save that we stopped twice—once to admire the beauties of rural England, and the second time to gaze in awe at the statue of the Iron Duke, mid-way between Basingstoke and Reading.

Arrived at the portals of U.C.R.—not very imposing, by the way—we were separated into two parties, the team being carried off to lunch at Wantage Hall and the supporters to S. Patrick's. After filing past various buildings, labelled "Agriculture," "Botany," "Physics," "Chemistry," which caused some of our party to shudder visibly, I noticed, we came to S. Pat's. Lunch over, we adjourned to the field, and the rival teams, ready for the fray, arrived a few minutes later.

Reading kicked off—Pray, gentle maiden, do not throw this down in disgust, for it is not going to be a highly technical account—the author is too unversed for that. Read on, I beg. They thought to rush the game at first, but our backs were ready for them and cleared the ball every time. The game became a ding-dong affair. One minute the claret colours would be pressing around the Reading goal and the next the purple-and-blacks were rushing towards our goal.

Half-time score: 0—0.

In the second half Coll. played up splendidly, and on two occasions at least were unfortunate not to score. Did we on the touch-line shout? Rather! I am hoarse yet. Mr. Dudley used his best sergeant-major's voice to good effect. In fact, although the Reading men tried to drown us at first, we outshouted them in the end. I am deeply pained to add that a game of basket ball—which is not played by the male sex—distracted the attention of some of our supporters considerably. The final whistle blew with the score still at 0—0. We gave them a Gobbli on the field, and this ceremony very much impressed the students of U.C.R. As one of their fair damsels said afterwards, "I do wish we had something fine and inspiring like that."

For know, gentle reader, that Reading is a "swotty" place. From a chum of mine who is there I had a harrowing tale of prep. lasting till midnight, and tests at very frequent intervals. It made my blood run cold. And they *never* have "rags"—'twould offend their wealthy patrons mightily.

The team were hospitably entertained to tea at Wantage Hall, while the supporters went into the town. We spent the remaining hour or so in admiring the shops. Did I hear you say, "I don't think!" Well, ask "P.C." then.

We left Reading about half-past six, and sang sweetly as we came away. We had to stop at Basingstoke and Winchester while the driver refreshed himself. That return trip would furnish some "Things we want to know" and "On dits" for the Mag. For instance—"Was it the sight of those loving couples that made Mr. Ki - c - - t get out at Chandlersford and walk home, instead of coming on to Southampton and waiting for a train?" *On dit*—"That it takes very little to make 'I - r - s' merry;" "That Mr. Du - l - y is 'a bit of a lad' when he's out."

We entered the Avenue about half-past ten, and so ended a very pleasant day.

BEN.





"JUMPERITIS." x x x

+ + +

LAST week I had occasion to go and see the Doctor about my eyes. I had been studying hard for terminals, and was afraid that my eyes had suffered from the unusual strain. I was assured, however, that I might do much more study before my eyes would be in any way affected. The Doctor examined me to see if I were colour-blind, but finding nothing wrong with me in that respect expressed astonishment that I had escaped the widespread infection of "jumperitis."

"What do you really think of that epidemic?" I asked him. "Ah! A terrible disease, my young friend!" said he. "We have it on the authority of Prof. S——, who has studied the question deeply, that the malady originates with a bacterium, the '*bacillus jumperitis*.' The Jumperitis spreads rapidly—so rapidly, in fact, that no house is safe against it once it has entered the town.

"The symptoms of the disease present no difficulty to the medical expert. Victims have a high temperature, suffer from itchings of the fingers, and are peculiarly susceptible to the magnetic attraction of knitting needles. They develop marked mathematical tendencies, spending much time in the study of counting and the science of proportion. Sufferers also show a remarkable tendency to return to man's primitive love of crude colours. Two theories have been advanced by those who would explain this phenomenon. A learned colleague of mine has, after much research, states that '*jumperitis*' makes patients colour-blind; while another, whom we would not wish to disbelieve, has suggested that a victim's eyes are strengthened, lest he should be 'blinded by excess of light.' A certain wildness of manner is noticeable. This develops into insanity unless the patient is kept fully occupied."—I interrupted my learned friend at this point to ask him whether it were possible to cure the malady.

"Pray curb your impatience," he replied, "I was just coming to that. I am afraid it is *not* possible. Medicine stands defeated. Victims are not always affected, but are liable to seizures at any time. Would you care to come into the 'Jumperitis Ward' with me?" We went, but stopped outside the door. The Doctor opened his case of surgical instruments, and took out two pairs of dark green spectacles, one of which he handed to me. I gazed at him in astonishment, until he explained that my eyes would not stand the

strain of seeing such a collection of jumpers. He opened the door of the ward, from which issued such a din of metal clicking and tongues clacking that I could have imagined myself in an engineers' workshop. I shouted to my friend the Doctor to know whence it all arose, and was informed, through a megaphone which he kept handy, that it was only the patients knitting and counting their stitches. We went first to the far end of the room, and *en route* the Doctor shouted, "This was once the Ballroom of the establishment, but being the largest room, and well away from the rest, it makes a capital ward for the worst cases." He pulled aside a curtain and discovered to me a fair maiden of about eighteen autumns. She was sitting up in bed, knitting feverishly, and I was informed that she kept this up day and night. "How long have you been here?" I asked. She looked up and answered, "Oh, I've been here nearly two-two plain, two purl, two purl, two purl." I gave her up as hopeless, and we passed on to the next bed, where the patient had just been brought her tea. She did not notice us, but hastily stuffing a piece of bun (currant variety) into her mouth, went on with her knitting, stopping at the end of each row to take a bite out of a bun, which she speared with a stray knitting needle.

At this juncture my glasses fell off, and a sudden pain shot through my head as I beheld a jumper of scarlet and brick-red, with a contrasting band of cerise round the bottom. I turned dizzy and remember no more, falling with a crash into a tray of knitting-needles. The Doctor told me afterwards that he tried to save me, but he got his feet entangled in a network of woollen threads, and fell into a huge basket of wool close at hand.

The next thing I can remember was that the head-nurse, who was wearing a Red-cross uniform, taking my temperature and offering me quinine. I recovered immediately, and was sent home in a taxi with the Doctor. My eyes are still weak, and I shall have to wear glasses for several years. My sole regret is that I am forbidden to study for at least a year.\*

G. AND W.



\* What luck.—SUB-EDITOR.

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.



If Mr. M - rt - n is ever late for a lecture ?

Where Mr. J - go's third eyebrow has gone ?

If Master E - n - s isn't a " big bonny baby ?"

How to tell " Charlie's " assistants from some of this year's " Juniors."

What size hats Mr. P - rr - n wears ?

And who wears the purple socks ?

If it wasn't jolly sporting of Mr. N - b - s ?

And who really broke the wire ?

If Miss C - ch - - e heard what " Ebbie " said in the Chem. Lab. ?

If, despite the " red tape " of the Disposals Board, the Men's Hotel will be opened before 1929 ?

If the Lab. boy ever found the Hydraulic acid ?

If Mr. C - - k has ever been to sleep in the M.C.R. ?

When the ex-Service men are going to buy flannels ?

Where Mr. P - - el - a found his " topper ?"

What " Dud " trains on ?

When Mr. C - - k will indent for a new ribbon ?

Does " Cissie " know Miss P - - e ?

When is the next " week-end " at Hostel ?

Whether Miss P - p - really can cook sausages ?

Whether Mr. S - nd - - s has seen Sandhurst—on the pictures ?

Whether the young lady was very much " tickled " by " Nobby's " moustache ?

Whether Mr. Jago is really proud of the 2nd XI.'s record ?

Whether Miss M - rf - - l really does like the pictures ?

Who lent Miss Steel that threepence ?

If Miss F - has any relations we haven't heard of.

What Mr. D - d - - y meant when, with a wink, he referred to "sparkling water ?"

If Miss F - x has ever perused the "Servants Wanted" column of the *Times* ?

Did Mr. D - d - - y really mean that the Children's Act (1909) would interfere with people's food ?

Has Miss A - b - - y ever lost her class ?

If one of the normals has ever failed to catch the last Floating Bridge of a night ?

Why 'Erb and "B - m - o" go to the pictures instead of the theatre ?

If B d - n is following them ?

Whether Prof. S - th - - l - - d is given to singing music-hall songs ?

Did Mr. N - b - s go home from the Pier Soirée inside the taxi or on top ?

Whether the footer team is in the habit of receiving grants of sugar from the Government ?

Whether Mr. Pa - ch - - t derives inspiration from his trouser clips ?

What happened to the electric light globes at Hostel on Nov. 19th ?

Does Mise C - hr - - e enjoy Coll. life ?

What is the real meaning of the sign B.O.G. ?

Who provided the fuel for the W.C.R. ?

When Miss O—— is going to remove her bag from the nail in the W.C.R. ?

Whether there will be an Olympia Show at Coll. ?

Where are the thirty pharmacists ?



## POEMS.



\*   \*   \*

We are pleased to include the following poems which gained prizes in the Verse Competition last Session.—SUB-EDITOR.

### THE WORLD'S RE-BIRTH.

Can ye not see them shaping, Artist soul,  
 Little round worlds of Thought forth from thy brush  
 Dipped in the stuff whereof such thoughts are made,  
 Thy brush, the artist's mind, his instrument,  
 Its million hairs covering to a point,  
 Not spreading wide entangl'd, but as one  
 Drawn by a dream within to unity  
 And consciousness of clarity of aim ?  
 Is it not this ye dream of for that world,  
 The universe of silver, this earth of ours,  
 This myriad of human souls and states  
 And policies and projects men hath made  
 And mix'd so madly with his unsta'd hand ?  
 How shall the thousand little worlds of Thought  
 Developing from each and every soul,  
 Each with their human flaws endure the test  
 Of grim Reality and still create  
 A Being worthy of that mighty One  
 Who first created, God the Infinite ?  
 Matter and tools surround us, yet we would  
 Wash out the murky reds, the hues of war  
 That blur the vision whilst they hold the eyes  
 In mere absorption, passive, though in act ;  
 Let us beat out the music, find that law  
 Whereon the harmony of life depends,  
 A universal law, a living truth,  
 Inclusive, asking all that man can give  
 And will to give it. Be our world re-born  
 In simple wonder at the mystery  
 Of Life, the possibilities of love  
 When kindled in that common meeting ground  
 Where Love personified with sympathy  
 Sets all these jangling human chords in tune  
 And calls afresh for music better drawn.  
 What are those worlds of Science and of Art,  
 Of Thought and action and Philosophy  
 Without interpretation of the same  
 Reveal'd to every life in every eye ?

Make us once more as children; little lives  
 Engag'd in learning and inviting more  
 And more from each and all, yet far beyond  
 Seeking in mute appeal. So what is definite:  
 A new born world, though caught in Finite clasps  
 Must find an altitude and understand  
 Humanity? What nobler task than this?  
 Let it approach the miracle of man  
 And view him so as cast in mortal clay,  
 Yet bearing marks that cannot be effaced.  
 Found in some other sphere. See the spirit there  
 And give it welcome as an honour'd guest;  
 Allow the poet life, and find in him  
 What matter lacks—an ideal and a dream.  
 Translated into practice to that end  
 That life is in himself. Forget the trust  
 In scheme and office, be no more deceive'd  
 That man can be confin'd, the reason why  
 Is this, that man is man and God is God.

C.M.W.



### THE NEW FOREST.

SWEET silvan glades, marked out with many firs,  
 Like stately pillars in a vaulted aisle  
 Of God's own Temple: Thou art a temple too,  
 Wherein God's children live unfettered, free.  
 At dawn, the early solar beams, athwart  
 The green sward pathways, make a netted light  
 In glancing through the intertwined twigs,  
 Deck'd now with green and bursting buds of spring.  
 All through the Forest now, the songsters bright  
 A myriad notes of music warble forth.  
 The thrush and blackbird, each with fluted lay,  
 And chaffinch with the bullfinch gaily dressed,  
 The linnet, too, and bunting, happy birds,  
 All join in song and one great chorus make.  
 The soft and mournful cooing of the dove  
 Contrasts with booming bittern heard afar,  
 And smoothly blends the cuckoo's double note  
 Which floats like echo in a leafy land.  
 Pan's pipes are these that cheer the arbour glades,  
 And make a wilderness a land of song.

But Flora, too, decks out the mossy ground  
 With scented violet and primrose pale,  
 With snowdrops white, with blue-bells and the gorse,  
 And by the wandering stream the marigold,  
 And brooklime blue, red willowherb and rush,  
 She twines the gnarled oaks and beech tree boles  
 With ivy wreaths of shining glassy leaves.

I come, great leafy maze, to dwell with Thee,  
 Enfold me in Thy bosom, safe from all  
 That grasping life of humans in the towns,  
 Where every brow bears deep the furrowed frown  
 Of strife, and struggle for their own vain ends.  
 But in Thy bosom is no unfair strife  
 And every child of Thine has equal chance.  
 For Thou hast given them means to save themselves  
 When they with enemies are threatened near.  
 The spotted fawn fleet-footed hast Thou made  
 That she can flee when danger threateneth her.  
 And so none of Thy children helpless are,  
 But means for life and safety are they given.  
 Yet our poor fellow-humans stand and beg  
 Where thousands of their kin pass to and fro,  
 And scarce one glance they give the helpless poor.  
 Not so with Thee, to all Thou art a guide,  
 And in Thy folds I find content and peace.  
 'Tis night; how still, how solemn is Thy peace,  
 And through the leafy tree-tops glitt'ring stars  
 Peep down upon me. Here I quietly lie  
 Upon the mossy bank, and breathe the scented air  
 Which fans my face and brings back to my mind  
 The dusty streets, so crowded, where the air  
 Is filled with man's inventions night and day.  
 The hand of God is here, the Spring of Life  
 Holds all around, while in the crowded town  
 Death holds a greater sway than here with Thee.  
 O, take me back again, for long ago

I know I dwelt in such a home as Thou;  
 But I was discontented, and I gained  
 By evolution's power some mighty change,  
 And as the centuries revolved, I made  
 With others of my kindred, mighty works  
 Of statuary, of cities and of towns.  
 And many thousands gathered in one place,  
 We have forsaken Thee, and now we say

"Behold we are in God's own likeness made  
 Lords of the brute and of the universe."  
 And thus we termed ourselves "man" civilised.  
 O, I would rather be uncivilised  
 And dwell again with Thee, from all this strife  
 As Adam did of old, and Eve, his spouse.  
 Then I would wander thro' thy leafy lanes;  
 From Lyndhurst, on the hilltop, to the vale  
 That stretches far away to Beaulieu fair.  
 And o'er the heathered downs in purple hue.  
 And in the summer's heat I lie beneath  
 The hanging birches with their silver trunks,  
 And watch the streaming branches gently sway,  
 Caressed by cooling zephyr's gentle breath,  
 Which breathes the scent of flowers upon my face;  
 Or I may rest near by a sparkling stream  
 That plays sweet treble airs upon the stones,  
 With blackened coats and smoothly rounded forms.  
 I want no humans near me, only Thou  
 The Forest Spirit as my guide and friend.

"SILVARUS."  
 (J. C. W.)



## AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF COLLEGE LIFE.

+ + +

A FEW College terms explained.

COLLEGE: a domicile where love of study is inculcated.

STUDENT: a person who may occasionally be seen entering or leaving a college building.

LECTURER: a person who can make a student yawn for an hour at a time.

PROFESSOR: one who may be seen promenading the corridors in a gown—sometimes a cap.

ENGINEER. a man who does thirty hours work per week without the consent of his Union.

PORTER: not a beverage, but a person who has recently acquired a hat. Expert in the art of sudden disappearance.

CORRIDOR: a portion of the college building where are found, in lieu of pictures, notices condemning smoking. A convenient meeting place for many students.

LECTURE-ROOM: a chamber of torture for students.



**LIBRARY:** a place where no talking is "aloud," where

"Persons, persons everywhere  
And nought but calm is found."

**COMMON-ROOM:** a refuge from the strain of a lecture: a place where a student may voice his real views on lectures and lecturers.

**WORKSHOP:** a place where an engineer puts on overalls to keep himself warm.

**D.O.:** the place where an engineer is supposed to be when he is in the common-room.

**'OSTEL:** a prison where innocent damsels are kept from "those naughty men."

**SWOT:** an exaggerated form of mental activity, causing an abhorrence of all college functions.

**CHEMY:** commonly known as "stinks": that process by which odours are evolved to the common annoyance.

**ENGLISH:** a subject extensively studied in the common-room.

**CUTTING:** the art of forgetting to attend a lecture, but of remembering to dodge the lecturer afterwards.

**SOIRÉE:** a social function at which students are provided with supper and instructions not to miss the last "Common" car.

**GRANT:** a means whereby a student may purchase buns, tobacco and motor-bikes. At present obsolete.

**9 A.M.:** the time when a student is—

(a) Officially: Arriving at college.

(b) In reality: Arriving at the breakfast table.

**TERMINALS:** a pleasant surprise afforded to students to make them eager to return home for the vacation.

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## THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

(WOMEN'S BRANCH.)

\* \* \*

THE Session 1919-1920 promises to be a very busy, and particularly a very interesting one, for the Christian Union.

The members of the Committee feel that now especially the C.U. has its chance, and it is up to all the students to give it that chance, and so set it working along those lines which will help us to realise its Aim.

Here it might be stated that during a business meeting at Swanwick, Derbyshire, in July last, the Student Movement altered its Aim and Basis, and members of the C.U. have decided to accept the new Aim and Basis.

For various reasons known to all we have shared the fate of other societies in not having been able to call any large meetings, but it is hoped that we shall be able to arrange at least one general meeting by the end of the term.

Just before half-term Victor Murray paid a visit to the College, and we regret that only the Committee were able to meet him on that occasion. A very interesting and helpful discussion was held.

Owing to difficulties, we have been unable to get the Study Circles into good running order, but Prayer Meetings have been held every Thursday, and with only these few moments of prayer and interchange of thought during the week we feel that the Union is worth while.

A corporate Communion Service was held at Highfield Church on November 8th, conducted by the Rev. Canon Mitchell. The service was well attended.

Three women delegates from College were sent to Swanwick last July, and one—Miss Grant—will be attending the South of England Council in January.

We have to report that two of the women students have joined the Student Volunteer Missionary Union.

The Committee wish to express their thanks to Miss Aubrey for the help she has given them from time to time.



## MEN'S COMMON ROOM.

\* \* \*

We have not yet settled down. That is the top and bottom of the whole business. The change in coming from the sordid ruin of our late Common Room to the princely elegance of this is too much. But, Juniors, be not disappointed. Soon we shall have room for exercise of a physical nature which will, perhaps, alleviate the enormous mental tortures you must now be suffering.

Still, there has been a Welcome Smoker, about which nothing shall be written. For did you not all come who could? Then why should others learn, who couldn't?

G. A. C.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE SOCIETY.

+ + +

OWING to the disturbed state of the College and lack of proper facilities we have been unable to hold any meetings as yet. It is hoped to make a start soon, however, with an informal dance.

M. G.



## REPORT OF THE SOIRÉE COMMITTEE.

Christmas Term, 1919-20.

\* \* \*

THIS year we are badly hit by the absence of any room in College large enough for dancing. However, we have had two very successful Soirées. The Welcome was held in the Highfield Institute, on October 24th. The hall was given us free of charge for the evening, by kind permission of Canon Mitchell. The number attending the function was approximately 160, and the Principal, in a few well chosen words, welcomed the juniors to the Univ. Coll. The Armistice Soirée was held in the Royal Pier Pavilion, on November 13th, and, according to "Sammy" was a great success, so that's that! The Committee at once patted each other's backs.

W. H. H.



## NET-BALL CLUB. X

\* \* \*

A NET-BALL CLUB has been formed this year on the women's side of College, with Miss Wooley as Captain. Our only equipment at present consists of seven Coll. jerseys (unpaid for).

So far we have played Foundry Lane School twice, but lost by 1 goal each time; in spite of the gallant fight of one member who turned up in borrowed "togs." We hope to do better at our meeting with Portsmouth G.S.S., on December 6th. Vain have been our endeavours to secure a labourer to level the proposed pitch under our instructions; but we do not despair.

So far our attempts to rent a court for practices have not met with success. We hope by next term to have both court and poles, and then for real work.

We hope during the season to play the following matches:—

|      |    |    |                         |    |    |    |    |    |    |       |
|------|----|----|-------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|-------|
| Jan. | 10 | .. | Senior and Junior       | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Home. |
| "    | 17 | .. | Old Hartley Team        | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Home. |
| "    | 24 | .. | Portsmouth G.S.S.       | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Home. |
| Feb. | 7  | .. | Grammar School          | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Home. |
| "    | 14 | .. | Old Hartley             | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Home. |
| "    | 21 | .. | Winchester C.S.G.       | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Home. |
| "    | 28 | .. | Grammar School          | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Away. |
| Mar. | 7  | .. | Portsmouth Day Trainers | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Home. |
| "    | 14 | .. | Winchester C.S.G.       | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Away. |
| "    | 21 | .. | Portsmouth Day Trainers | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Away. |

G. O.

## WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM NOTES.

+ + +

THE W.C.R. of our new building, with its light and fresh air, is duly appreciated after our somewhat dingy Common Room of the old College. Though we miss the harmonious sounds of Oriental Terrace, it is a loss we do not mourn.

Our old furniture looks somewhat shabby in its bright new surroundings, but we are hoping for better things to come. We have managed so far to replace the faded green casement-curtains by some new cretonne ones of a more cheery hue.

Though we agree with the Senate that, with our removal to the new buildings it is good to feel that we have put away childish things,—among them our old fifteen minute interval each morning, yet we have sorely missed it. Our W.C.R. really witnesses such crowded merry times as heretofore, when students of all faculties were able to get to know one another, and when we could hold our meetings—business or otherwise. However, now that we have been granted two twenty minute intervals each week such things will be remedied. Neither are we merely carrying on the morning interval of the secondary school, nor are we totally deprived of any time when we can all meet together.



## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

+ + +

IN accordance with the Principal's wish, no meetings of this Society have taken place this term. It is expected, however, that it will be possible to hold a series of meetings next term.

ASSOCIATION  
FOOTBALL.

"SOCCER" is now in full swing once more, and we are having a fairly successful season. The teams' record is at present :—

|         |    | Played. | Won. | Drawn. | Lost. | For. | Goals—<br>Against. |
|---------|----|---------|------|--------|-------|------|--------------------|
| 1st XI. | .. | 7       | 3    | 2      | 2     | 24   | 11                 |
| 2nd XI. | .. | 3       | 3    | 0      | 0     | 21   | 0                  |
| 3rd XI. | .. | 1       | 1    | 0      | 0     | 14   | 0                  |

## GOAL SCORERS.

1st XI.—Lucas, 11; Newport, 5; Jenkins, 3; F. Munckton, 2; Flux, Kitcatt and Cochrane, 1 each.

2nd XI.—Jenkins and Perrin, 5 each; I. Williams and Newton, 2 each; L. Williams, Mr. Davis, Matthews, Davies and Flux, 1 each.

3rd XI.—Perrin, 5; Bailey, 3; Hockey and L. Williams, 2 each.

We began the season with the usual Seniors v. Juniors match, in which a poorly represented Junior team was beaten 6—0. Jenkins was the best Junior player.

The first outside match was against Old Edwardians, and the College team, playing well together, won 5—1. F. Munckton and Kitcatt scored with brilliant shots, while Newport (2) and Jenkins also scored.

Against the Casuals, a team got together by Mr. Crompton, we could only draw, for the previous good form was not reproduced. Jenkins scored the only goal for the College.

The following Wednesday saw a scratch team composed mainly of men from H.M.S. "Terror" beaten 6—1. Lucas played well, scoring four goals, one being from a penalty. Jenkins and Flux added other goals.

In the first round of the Southampton Junior Cup we were opposed to Park Albion, but put up a very poor show, being deservedly beaten 4—1. Cochrane obtained our only point.

We were too strong for Peter Symond's School, winning 9—1.

Our first Wednesday League fixture was against M.T., R.A.S.C. (Pitt Corner). We lost an exciting game by the odd goal in five, but had only a weak team in the field.

The great match of the term was at Reading, on 22nd November, and resulted in a goalless draw. The College team was brilliant throughout, Munckton being easily the best man on the field. Cook was excellent in goal, while Shepherd and Kitcatt were also sound in defence. Newport held the forward line well together, and F. Munckton and Cochrane, who have been playing well together all the season, were always sources of danger to a very capable defence.

The 2nd XI, have not yet been extended, having in three matches scored twenty-one goals without reply. Old Edwardians II, were beaten 4—0; Taunton's School lost at home 9—0, while Peter Symond's School II, had eight goals scored against them at Winchester.

In their one match the 3rd XI, had a walk over, for the game became a farce, the College, with the aid of Taunton's School defence, scoring fourteen goals without reply.

We are hoping for a really successful season, but would undoubtedly do much better with more support. Spectators at College matches have been very few up to the present. We need the support of everybody!

T. JAGO.

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